

## First DreamNotFound smut on AO3 B)

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## First DreamNotFound smut on AO3 B)

by [Yikes \(Mr\\_CoralFlower\)](#)

### Summary

sickeningly adorable smut ft. dream's cat. 18+!!!

### Notes

this is mature content. kiddos click the back button

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George wakes up warm in a dark room with a cat on his head. He tries to shove the cat away, but someone else groans and pulls him in closer, and at that point he realises he has bigger problems than some cat on his head.

"George," Dream murmurs, only half-awake. He must only be half awake, otherwise he wouldn't be snuggling closer with morning wood, the idiot.

"Your cat is *on* me, Dream," George complains, finally managing to move the little shit aside, and Dream giggles sleepily. "Dude, let go."

He looks at Dream to see a pout, and that's when he realises-- that Dream is *warm*, and somehow pretty, and his fingers are laced together on the small of George's back, right above his ass. George blinks twice and tries to take a deep breath despite the way his heart is racing.

"Do I have to?" Dream asks, pouting even harder, and George sighs, putting a hand on Dream's shoulder and shoving him onto his back so he can straddle him.

"I guess not," he says, leaning down to rest his forehead on Dream's. Dream's eyes go wide, and his hips buck, just a little. "Good morning, Dream."

Dream licks his lips.

"Oh, h-hey there, George," he says.

"You're so cute when you're flustered for me," George says, and Dream makes a quiet confused sound and says,

"George-- I-- are we doing this?"

Instead of answering, George grinds his hips down and watches the way Dream's head tips backwards, exposing his neck for George, all smooth skin, adam's apple bobbing as he swallows.

"You want to?" he asks, and Dream nods, moving his hands down to George's ass and squeezing. George takes that as a request to grind down again, and this time, Dream groans, back arching.

"George," he says. "You-- kiss me?"

"You asking or telling, Dream?" George teases him, planting a kiss on his cheek, and Dream tries to turn his head towards George.

"Please," he says. "Just kiss me, I just want--"

George cuts him off, and Dream goes still and pliant beneath him, like all his will is focused into the kiss. His hands are shoving George's sleep trousers down, but other than that, he's like putty in George's hand. George breaks the kiss to look at him, and Dream blinks slowly, lazily, thick eyelashes fluttering as he holds eye contact, lips parted.

"Let me touch you," Dream says, and George struggles the rest of the way out of his sleep trousers and then gets Dream to lift his hips enough to shimmy out of his own. Dream has shoved George's underwear down, and Dream himself isn't wearing any, so--

George is staring, and he's realised he's staring, but he can't seem to stop. He swallows, and glances up at Dream, who appears to be having the same predicament.

"Bro, holy fuck," Dream mutters, pulling George's hips down. George groans, and he hears Dream too, and it feels so good, and he really just needs more of that. He spits into his hand and reaches down to grip them both together, and Dream's head is tipping back again, and his whole neck looks so empty, unmarked, he wants to bite if he ever gets permission, and Dream is hot in his hand, against his own cock, hips bucking without much rhythm.

"You're so hot," George says, and Dream whimpers, eyelids fluttering more, his face is so masculine but he has such feminine eyelashes and that's what makes him pretty to George. That, and his hazel eyes. Brown and blue, it's so fucking beautiful.

"George," Dream says, head turned to the side, mouth hanging open. He's drooling just a bit and George almost stops breathing when he notices. His grip tightens, and Dream chokes on air, eyes screwing shut, hips bucking upwards. "Oh, *George*, don't stop, please don't stop, I'm close."

"Oh yeah?" George says, raspy and low. "Are you going to come for me, Dream? Pretty boy, you want to come? Do it, then, go on."

Dream lets out a long keening sound, almost like a sob, and the sight of his come landing on his

stomach sets George off, and there's something about watching it mix that makes him feel really fucking good inside. Satiated. Smug.

"Holy shit," Dream starts to say, but George doesn't give him much chance to freak out, kissing him sweetly on the lips and saying,

"I'll go get a washcloth."

When he gets back Dream is bright red and won't look at George as he gently wipes him off.

"Are you going to ask me out, or not, Dream?" George asks, and Dream hides his face. "Either one is fine, you just need to let me know."

Dream mumbles something through his hands, and George sighs fondly.

"I didn't catch that."

"I said I probably should've asked you out a long time ago."

George smiles, and kisses him again.

From the other room, the cat demands breakfast.

## End Notes

comment if you want but not if youre like super young thats uncomfortable lol

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